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Our Outlook Tower.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS.

ON Monday night, September 6, strange celestial phenomena startled many towns in all parts of England. About 9.45 there was a vivid lurid flash of varied colours—"it was like a great number of searchlights, some red, some blue, and some green, all crossing each other," says one report, and then there followed "a terrific peal of what seemed like thunder," which shook houses so badly that an earthquake was believed to have occurred. The fracas and illumination lasted some seconds, and was attributed by some to aurora borealis, and by others to the passing of a large meteor, which had exploded and been shattered to pieces. But thunder does not usually accompany aurora borealis, and if any meteor did burst, no fragments have yet been traced as having reached the earth. So this alarming event which made people rush from their houses terror-stricken is still unexplained.

Such phenomena were in olden times regarded as omens or portents of coming national calamities. Aytoun, the Scottish poet, in describing the arrival of the news of Flodden, where James IV and his principal nobles were slain, wrote:—

"All last night the northern streamers

Shot across the trembling sky,

Fearful lights that never beacon

Save when kings or heroes die."

And Shakespeare in "Julius Caesar" says:—

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Nowadays they are usually attributed to natural causes, even when these are not ascertained by scientists. The thunder which crashed over London out of a blue sky on August 5, 1914, was never explained, but it marked the beginning of the greatest deluge of human blood that ever flooded the world. A similar unexplained crash occurred on January 1, 1926, over Venice, and another occurred at Bristol last year. What is the significance of such mysterious happenings? Is there any connection between them and human affairs? May they be portents of some great coming cataclysm which spiritual messengers, gifted perhaps with clearer than earthly prevision, have been foreshadowing for the past two years? On December 14, 1924, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said in the London County Hall:—

"The era of the millenium, according to these spiritual prophecies, was about to begin. The message might seem sensational, but he had a drawerful of independent communications from Iceland, California, France, Australia and elsewhere, showing that it was being delivered to all parts of the world. If this great thing was going to happen he felt it right to convey these messages to the people, so that they would realise when it did come that it was a healing rather than a destructive process, which would establish spirituality as supreme, and get rid of all that was hopelessly material. God's kingdom would be established on earth at last, and the reign of shams and make-believes would pass away."

Sir Arthur's own son had told him, through the mediumship of Mrs. Osborne Leonard:—"Be of good cheer; it is not a time for fears or sighs, but for rejoicing, for the redemption of the world is at hand."

FREE CHURCH DIVINES PROGRESSING.

THE REV. GEO. JACKSON, D.D., a leading Free Church author and preacher, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, quotes the testimony of Dr. W. L. WALKER, a well-known Scottish theologian, on the subject of Spiritualism, as follows:—

"It is hoped that it is not out of place to state here [a footnote in his chapter on "The Possibility of

Survival" in his work on "Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism"] that, shortly after the MS. of this book was sent to the publishers, the writer had the misfortune unexpectedly to lose a devoted wife. She was deeply interested in this subject, and before she passed away the writer promised to cherish her spiritual presence, and asked her (if it was right and not hurtful) to try to manifest her presence to him. He feels bound to say that he believes she has done so."

Dr. Jackson adds: "Let us not be in haste to condemn Spiritualism lest, like others before us, we be found fighting against God."

"THE GREAT SECRET."

A SERIES of articles on the After-life have been appearing under this title in the *Weekly Dispatch*. Though written by important personages they are painfully uninteresting.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD asks, What happens to those who die? and replies, "That is the secret which is never revealed—the greatest secret of all." He sneers at Spiritualism as "a pathetic search for assurance that life and love continue," and says, "Spirit can answer spirit without seances and mediums and table-rappings. Love and affection are the only media, and we can be content with seeming silence till we meet again." "Content with seeming silence!" A fine gospel this for a bishop to offer to hearts craving for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still!"

And here is how the RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF OXFORD sums up his expert knowledge of the After-life:—"Our Lord's words to the Penitent Thief (S. Luke 23, 43), and the passage in 1 S. Peter referring to the spirits in prison suggest a social condition, but give no hint of the manner of life in it. Apart from these, there is no precise teaching as to the character of the life beyond the grave." So there is not much light on "the great secret" to be got from him!

MISS MAUDE ROYDEN, who used to preach in the City Temple, says: "What we shall do and be on the Other Side will, I believe, always remain a secret." And yet she has less excuse for her pessimism than the learned Bishops, for she confesses:—"I am quite sure that I have on two or three occasions been in communion with the spirits of those whom I love and who have passed out of my sight. This was not through the agency of a medium or by any 'spiritualist' means, but the sense of communion was most vivid, most real, and I do not for an instant believe that I was deceived."

She loves the reality but despises the means, God-given though they are! Her communion with those she loves was, she says, vivid, real, and she was not deceived, but her own slight experience of mediumship must not by any manner of means be associated with Spiritualism! Oh how strenuously some good people struggle against the light of truth because of prejudice against a label which is "anathema" to the Church! But Spiritualism steadily advances in the hearts and minds of the people in spite of the drags put upon it by the chief priests!

KRISHNAMURTI A SUCCESSOR OF JESUS— BUT GREATER!

IN an official circular sent out by the Theosophical News Bureau headed "For Your Information," the following paragraphs appear:—

"Dr. Annie Besant has never said that Mr. Krishnamurti is the 'World Teacher,' much less the 'New Messiah.' Dr. Besant shares the belief stated in various scriptures that the World Teacher, who is the Head of all faiths and the Inspirer of all religious progress, comes back into the world periodically and takes possession of the body of a very highly-evolved human being in order that He may, through the mouth of this disciple, re-proclaim in every successive age or dispensation the essential Truths of religion and morality in a form suited to that age."

"Mr. Krishnamurti, Dr. Besant states, is the chosen vehicle through which the World Teacher will speak when He comes again, just as He spoke through the body of the disciple Jesus two thousand years ago. Mr. Krishnamurti is the vehicle of the World Teacher, but not himself the World Teacher."

"In terms of modern psychology this would be spoken of as a case of dual personality or rather dissociation of

personality. When the World Teacher manifests Himself He takes possession of Mr. Krishnamurti's body and Mr. Krishnamurti goes out of that body.

"The reason Dr. Besant particularly objects to the term 'Messiah' being applied to Mr. Krishnamurti is that it is a term of Jewish origin, which has a special and very limited meaning. The Messiah, from the Jewish point of view, only comes once for the salvation of His 'Chosen People,' whereas the World Teacher,

according to Theosophical conceptions, is at the head of every religion; just as much that of the Hindu and the Buddhist as the Christian."

When Mr. Krishnamurti embodies the World Teacher (whoever that may be) he will therefore be the visible "head of every religion" in the world, and not merely a "Messiah, from the Jewish point of view." J. L.

The Attitude of Scientists to Psychical Research.

A NEW ZEALAND SAVANT'S STERN REBUKE.

DR. R. J. TILLYARD, F.R.S., the eminent entomologist and biologist of the Cawthron Institute for Scientific Research, New Zealand, makes the following highly noteworthy pronouncement in *Nature*:—

The recent publication of two large volumes entitled "The History of Spiritualism," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is perhaps a suitable occasion on which men of science may once again turn their thoughts in a direction in which many more of them are probably interested than would be willing to admit it. Spiritualism is a cult, probably even a full-blown religion, the central tenet of which is sufficiently well stated by Sir Arthur in the following words (Vol. II, p. 263):—"A belief in the existence and life of the spirit, apart from and independent of the material organism, and in the reality and value of intelligent intercourse between spirits embodied and spirits discarnate."

Spiritualism as a religion does not come within the confines of the subjects which a scientific periodical like *Nature* may properly discuss. But right through the warp of Sir Arthur's book, though by no means carefully distinguished, and most certainly very unscientifically handled, runs the woof of psychical research which is, or at any rate purports to be, the scientific study of what are called *supernormal phenomena*.

These phenomena are of two kinds: (a) Physical, such as telekinesis, or movement of solid bodies without contact; independent voices, or the production of sound recognisable as that of the human voice, and recordable objectively on a dictaphone; the formation of the substance known as ectoplasm or teleplasm; psychic lights and cold breezes; formation of structures invisible except by the reflection of the ultra-violet rays, and so on. (b) Mental, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, automatic script, telepathy and other similar types of phenomena not involving the use of material objects.

Many years ago when this question of psychical research was brought to his notice, Huxley replied, "Supposing these phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me." We are sorry to be obliged to have to record so unscientific a remark from so great a man, and even sorrier to have to admit that Huxley's attitude is still that of the great majority of biologists at the present day. The opinion of any man, however great, or of any body of men, however influential, on a subject which they deliberately refuse to investigate, either because it does not "interest" them or because of a preconceived idea that the phenomena involved are necessarily fraudulent, is really not worth much.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that, even at the present day, when the reality of some at least of these phenomena has surely been put beyond the shadow of a doubt by the work of such men as Lodge and Richet, no scientific man can take up the study of psychical research without "losing caste" and undergoing either secret or more or less open persecution from his fellows. Truly, we have not got very far from the Middle Ages, after all, and there is a very real danger that organised science in the twentieth century is taking its seat in the very chair from which it once drove the mediaeval church. "E pur si muove" applies equally to the movement of the earth round the sun or to the movement of a levitated table upwards against gravity without visible support. The former was no more incomprehensible and no less anathema to the mediaeval church than the latter is to-day to organised science.

But the spirit to-day is different from that of the past, and martyrdom no longer wins many converts. Modern Galileos may undergo persecution for what they hold to be the truth, but the modern world will soon forget them in the hurry and rush of modern life; and the truths for which they suffer will perish with them unless they can be presented in such a form as to appeal to the reason of mankind.

It is just here that a great danger lies. The history of the world is full of evolutionary failures; for every organism Nature selects a path from which there is no

turning back. The advance of science during the past seventy years has been definitely along the road of materialism. Though the pace has somewhat slackened and many an anxious glance is now being turned backwards, yet the impetus is still driving us forward mainly in the same direction. For hundreds of years mankind looked to religion to lead them along the right path. Now, in the western world, their gaze is fixed on science. It is certain that, for the next hundred years at any rate, where science leads there mankind will follow. Are we, the men of science, the leaders of mankind, so absolutely sure of the path along which we are travelling?

Pilate's question, "What is Truth?" has never yet been answered, and perhaps it never will be. It is, however, the duty of science to search diligently for truth, and to leave no avenue unexplored in which it may be found. The broad highway may lead us to destruction, even if it appears well marked out and easy to travel upon. The neglected side-path, foul with mire and overgrown with noxious weeds, may be the real entry into the promised land for which we are searching; but because of the foul mire, and because of the noxious weeds, organised science refuses to explore this side-path, in spite of the fact that a few brave spirits, more adventurous than the rest, a Crookes, a Lodge, a Richet, have penetrated into the thicket and return to report both progress and promise.



MR. STANLEY DE BRATH, M.I.C.E., has been appointed the new Editor of "Psychic Science," the quarterly journal of the British College of Psychic Science.

THE Fund of Benevolence of the Spiritualists' National Union will have its nineteenth annual collection in all the churches and societies of the Union on Sunday, October 17. The fund exists for the benefit of the sick and aged workers who have spent themselves in the movement and require help. May kind hearts be generous to them! Donations may be sent direct to Miss Mary L. Stair, 32b North Street, Keighley, Yorks, the Honorary Financial Secretary.

We welcome our new Spiritualist contemporary *The Medium*, which will be devoted to "the interests mostly neglected of the medium, who is yet the vital link betwixt two worlds." Mr. Horace S. Hambling, the editor, claims to "understand the mediums' difficulties, problems, interests, ideals, and aspirations towards godliness," and means to protect them from the contumely of press, pulpit, and public—a highly praiseworthy determination. Send 6½d. in stamps for the first number to Mr. Hambling, 287 Hilltown, Dundee.

THE Kentish Town Spiritualist Society, Prince of Wales Crescent, N.W., are about to erect a new church which will be known as the Rochester Square Spiritualist Temple, seated for about three hundred persons. The first sod will be cut on October 2, and the foundation stone will be laid later in the month. This is the climax of a praiseworthy propaganda effort by Mr. and Mrs. R. Ellis, two valiant workers in the cause, which has attracted large North London crowds to their Spiritualist demonstrations. Any donations towards their new and handsome temple may be sent to Mr. R. Ellis, 12 Harberton Road, Highgate, N.19.

THE THEOSOPHICAL "WORLD UNIVERSITY."—Mr. Loftus Hare, in a letter in our last month's issue, stated that this proposed institution "is placed entirely in the hands of a few Bishops of the Liberal Catholic Church." Mr. R. Henry-Waetjen, of the Theosophical News Bureau, writes us:—"This is quite untrue, because Professor Emile Marcault, who is in charge of the work of organising this University, is not even a member of the Liberal Catholic Church."—The prospectus of the World University makes no reference whatever to Professor Marcault, but gives the names of Bishops Arundale, Leadbeater, and Wedgwood, as the chief officials. The Professor, who is a lecturer on philosophical subjects, is possibly a supernumerary, working like Captain A. G. Page, F.Z.A., under the direction of the Liberal Catholic Bishops in preparing their long-projected University scheme.

A Child's Growth in the Spheres.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

TWO stillborn children, twins, and both girls, manifested to me some four years ago, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cooper. They were the daughters of friends of mine, with whom I used to sit in the hope of obtaining "the Voices" ourselves, without professional aid. When these mites passed over the parents had no conception of even the existence of their babes, but were led to investigate psychic matters for themselves, and ultimately secured the knowledge, and all that it stood for. The wee ones were then about four years of age, and could scarcely speak enough to be understood. Their voices were terribly squeaky, and went up and down the scale without the little ones having any control over the pitch, and the effect was often quite comical.

After several manifestations I observed a difference in one of the children, Isabelle, and I managed to gather much of what she said, and gradually her voice improved until the squeak was entirely eliminated, and the voice approximated to a childish one such as we should associate with a child of earth of the same age. It was of extraordinary interest to watch the growth and development of these children.

On one occasion when speaking to their parents, one child said, in a delighted tone, "Oh, daddie, this is the goodest talk I've had!" On another occasion, when speaking to me, she said, "We was so pleased," and then broke off, and I heard her appealing to another spirit, "Oh! Auntie Mary, ought I to say 'we were'?" and the reply of the older spirit, "Yes dear, that is the proper way." The child then corrected herself, and continued, "We were so happy," with great emphasis upon "were." It was so homely, so natural, and so in keeping with childhood, that one might, with reason, think he was talking with a child in the flesh.

As the years passed the voices became clearer and clearer, until they are now as strong as those of any child of eight years, and at times ring out with adult volume. It took much longer for one to reach this condition than the other. This is quite in accordance with our experience here; children differ in ability, power, and character in the spheres, precisely as they do on earth. Little Florrie has never quite attained the vigour of her sister Isabelle. I remarked on this to the child once, and she said, "But I do love my Mummie and Daddie, as well as Isabelle," a reply that, to me, seemed like a rebuke.

They told me that their teacher in the kindergarten sphere, knowing the little ones had an avenue to converse with those on earth, had taken special pains to equip the children for the privilege. The teacher herself often manifests to us, and said the children were her "star" pupils, and charming little things, with natures as beautiful as their appearance. In speech, ideas, and manners the little ones were just as childish as those here, and this gave them their greatest charm, for I looked upon them, and treated them, just as one would treat two dear mites on earth.

As they grew up I noted the limited outlook of childhood was gradually enlarged, and more serious matters often formed the subject of their talk, just as we should expect with an intelligent child here; and occasionally I would be surprised by words and ideas far beyond what one associates with children of their age, and suggesting, sometimes, much serious thought to myself. I would remark on this, and one or the other of the twins would reply, "Teacher impressed us to say that, but we know what it means." It is from about this age (say eight) that the knowledge and intellect developed in the kindergarten spheres begins to excel that of the corresponding age and education on earth, and from thence onwards the system of training and schooling there bears far riper fruit than here, because more intelligently directed.

I asked Isabelle, "When shall you be leaving the kindergarten, dear?"

"Oh! I don't want to go, it's so beautiful there, and I love the teachers."

"But you'll have to leave some time."

"Time! What is time? When I grow big I s'pose I must go to school, but I'm so happy here."

I found, on many occasions, these little ones had no idea of time, and it is not surprising in cases like this where they never had the opportunity of measuring earth

time, but even some mortals, when they pass over, lose grip of accuracy in their estimation of time, after a few years' residence in the spheres.

On another occasion I asked one of the little ones how teaching was conducted in the kindergarten sphere.

"Do you sit on forms?"

"Forms! What are forms?" The child had a slight difficulty in pronouncing the word "form."

"Well, chairs or seats," I said, "do you use these?"

"We can sit if we like, but we are never tired, and stand around a table, and we put our books on the table, and teacher stands on a plat—, plat—, plat—" The child stuck here, so I said, "platform?"

"Yes, that is the thing, and teacher has a big board, and does the lesson on it."

"With chalk?"

"I don't know what it is, but it makes marks on the board" (and she added in rather a tone of triumph) "an' we don't make 'stakes like earth children."

"Oh! but what about sums? Don't you sometimes get them wrong?"

There was a pause here, and the child at last, and with seeming reluctance, said, "Not vewy often!"

To witness these little ones' delight when they come to a sitting, and their excitement when they speak to their parents, is to witness an incident which would sweep away all doubts from the most sceptical of mortals. Their anxiety to speak is such that they interrupt each other, speak both together (and this in itself forms a remarkable "test") and, in their agitation, splutter their words, until admonished by the guide with, "Now children, don't get excited," and one or the other will reply "No, I mustn't get 'cited, but I do love to talk to Mummie."

I asked one of the older spirits how the children were dressed. The reply was, "In short frocks; they don't need stockings, and they don't need boots; their hair is hanging down, one with dark hair, the other with much lighter colour. They have bows on their hair, and look very sweet."

When "conditions" are very good the little ones materialise their hands (or rather the experts who are always present manipulate the "power" for them) and caress their parents' faces with gentle pats, and as their hands are half the size of the medium's, this forms another capital "test." Their little hands are clearly visible by the aid of the silvery-tinted spirit light they bring, and at request they will bring a flower from a vase somewhere in the room, and place it between a sitter's fingers, or gently push the stalk into their mother's or father's mouth. This, of course, in the deepest darkness, where no mortal could locate the position of the head even.

These children provide a study of absorbing interest, and I trust opportunities will be afforded me in future years of witnessing the expansion of spirit children's minds, and following their careers in school, college, and university, to which all spirits with any inclination to study have entry in the spheres.

As an encouragement to those sitting for spirit voice production, I should add that after three and a half years' steady and regular sitting, our little circle eventually got "the Voices." Long before they came we obtained scents, lights, slight levitations, and occasional taps on the trumpet. We were thankful to get even this encouragement, but our great hope was to hear our spirit-friends speak, and when one night we heard unmistakable voices, our delight was unbounded. Unfortunately, the circle was broken up owing to one member having to move away, and the voices ceased. But I mention the fact to show that with patience even slight psychic power can be developed to a wonderful extent.

PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT—Continued from page 4.

We went on getting more or less convincing results for about two years, and I should like to say that we all deeply felt that there was a really uplifting influence in the sittings; they were doing us good spiritually, mentally, and morally. Also, I must say that we even felt better in physical health. Two of the ladies were not what you would call strong, and Miss Castle had had a good deal of illness in her life, but during our sittings she was free from illness of any kind. So they did us good in a fourfold way, and we all looked forward to them as peaceful times when we would be lifted above this material world's troubles, and be given strength for the following week.

(To be continued in our next.)

Psychic Development in Private Circles.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

During an impromptu interview we had in April, 1918, with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, she gave us the following interesting and instructive talk on psychic development in private circles, which we now republish because it is full of guidance for all who may aspire to cultivate their "gifts of the spirit."

PEOPLE often say to me—"Oh, Mrs. Leonard, I do think it is a pity for mediums to advise people to develop psychic power." I say—"Yes, that is what everybody used to tell me, and if I had taken their advice you would not have had the sittings with me which you say have brought you so much comfort!"

I certainly think people have to be very careful about holding sittings, but if nobody ever experimented because there was some element of danger, nothing of any value would ever be accomplished in this world. Look at flying with aeroplanes! There was terrible danger at the beginning for everyone who attempted to master the air, but see how important it has been for the world that there were young men ready to face the danger. Experiments with all sorts of chemicals have been very dangerous, but just think what valuable knowledge we have gained through them, and, of course, the results obtained always make the dangers fewer. Take again the Röntgen-ray researches. Many men were injured for life at the beginning, but that did not prevent others going on experimenting on a greater and greater scale; and see what great good has been accomplished for humanity. I want to emphasise the fact that all new discoveries and great inventions are only attained by overcoming elements of danger at the outset. If we were not prepared to face dangers we should achieve nothing worth having. All truth worth having has had to be paid for with a price of some kind.

I myself was warned and advised by friends and relations not to develop mediumship, but I took no notice of them. I just went ahead and developed, and I have never regretted it. I had no medium to guide or help me. I only used my own judgment and discretion, and it all worked out all right. I had very difficult material conditions to contend with at the same time, for we happened to have a great deal to worry us just then.

I think psychical science, more than any other science or study, is worth risking something for. It is making plain to the world the greatest truth of all; for what is more important than the knowledge of ourselves as spiritual beings, and of our relations to the spiritual world both here and hereafter? Clergymen particularly say—"Why is it that spirits manifest only through professional mediums?" That is not strictly true, but so far as it is true, the reason is simply because other people have not the time, patience and courage to develop their psychic and spiritual natures.

I think it is such a pity that people are afraid of home-sittings for psychic development. I know people ought to be careful about the way they conduct their investigations, but they ought to be careful about everything they do, if they want to avoid mistakes. I do think it advisable before people begin to investigate by themselves that they should have sittings with a good medium, and read a good deal on the subject. A medium would be able to get in touch with these people's own spiritual helpers and guides and ascertain what they wished them to do in the matter. The medium would also, by her own normal faculty, be able to tell them if it were wise for them to investigate for themselves.

When they have this information and begin their sittings they should keep careful records of their results, and still seek advice from a good medium, who would tell them what manifestations to check or stop until they got the best kind of conditions established. For when people begin absolutely by themselves without any guidance they sometimes get trivial and silly things through, that are no evidence whatever of survival; things that might be said by anybody, or that might emanate merely from the subconsciousness of the sitters. It is a mistake to try to eliminate the possibility of manifestations coming from what is contained in our subconsciousness, because by doing so we would limit our spirit-friends' communications to things that are absolutely unknown to us, and that would make communication very limited and mechanical. The best tests usually come to us when there is an easy flow of conversation and ideas on our part, and the tests are then, as it were, pushed through to us on the flow.

I have had some excellent evidential table-sittings myself, and perhaps one incident that comes to mind would be interesting and illustrate what I would say better than anything else. It occurred with a little group of friends who had been sitting once a week for a couple of years, and I sat with them long before I took up the subject professionally. There were three ladies and myself to begin with, and after some time we were joined by another. I shall call them Miss Castle, Mrs. Begg, Mrs. Cragendale, and Mrs. Ford. They were all level-headed, well-educated women of the world, absolutely sensible, and critical of results. One was the wife of a colonel, and another the wife of a well-known company-promoter. They all belonged to the Church of England, and they were out simply to see what we could prove, and to what state of excellence communications could be obtained.

We began in a very small way at Mrs. Ford's house; none of us had developed at all at that time. We darkened the room slightly, and sat on plain bentwood chairs around a circular table about two and a half feet in diameter. Mrs. Ford had been told that she was psychic, and as she had some inclination to trance she hoped she might develop as a trance medium. Mrs. Begg showed possibilities of becoming a normal clairvoyant, for she got very good impressions. Miss Castle had no particular power, but was psychic in a general kind of way, and was a help at the table. Mrs. Cragendale developed the power of occasional clairvoyance at the sittings, though she could not always see at will. We were all psychic in a way, but not more so than any other four or five people that could be picked out of a group of friends. Perhaps I was the only one who had looked into the matter at all deeply, and I had not developed fully when we started the sittings.

At first we got no manifestations of importance. There were some table movements, and fragmentary things were spelt through, like Christian names. We would ask in turn—"Is it for me?" and the table would answer "Yes," when it was for the person who asked. Then we would ask questions, and would be answered "Yes" or "No." There was really nothing at first that might not have been derived from our subconsciousness. In fact, we had a discussion about that; we were alive to the possibility; but we agreed not to make a barrier of it by making it a "bogey." We said we would just accept for the time being what might be subconsciousness for spirit-consciousness. We decided, however, that we would not accept anything that came through if it were wrong or undesirable. In fact, we would stop a sitting if there was anything came through that we did not like. If someone were to say through the table that Charing Cross Station had been blown up we would say we were not interested in the matter.

We were simply wanting evidence as to our own friends' survival in spirit, which we could test and find whether it were true or untrue. We agreed to be satisfied with any evidence reasonably good, and we were not nervous about getting anything through from the lower astral plane, as many people are. We did not get anything that was undesirable, but we did get some very helpful advice, which we took and relied upon, as somehow we soon gathered the impression that it was really coming from spirit-people around us. When people get together as we did, with a serious object in view, after sitting for a little time there comes a feeling or atmosphere in the sitting that makes one know it is one's friends who are communicating, even if they are not saying anything that would be actually evidential to a scientific investigator. We knew that all the time. People would say—"Oh yes, you got into an emotional frame of mind; you did not know really that what was said through the table was not supplied by yourselves." But we were critical all the time, and could not help noting similarities of expression between what was said to us by spirit-friends and what they used to say when here.

Gradually we began to get information through the table about things happening at a distance of which we had no normal knowledge. At first the messages referred only to little things, but they were quite definite and unmistakable, and we afterwards proved them to be quite accurate. We had these messages for about six months that might possibly have come from our subconsciousness, and then for the next six months messages giving definite details of something, perhaps not of great importance, that was happening at a distance, outside the range of our ordinary knowledge. Miss Castle, for example, was told about something happening to her brother, and that was found to be true.

(Continued on page 3.)

Our Way to Knowledge of God.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, A REVEALER OF THE FATHER.

By G. G. ANDRÉ, AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE LIGHT," ETC.

CHRISTIANITY, in common with all the great religions, rests upon two foundation truths: (1) the Existence of One Infinite Eternal All-wise Being, whom we speak of as God; and (2) the Manifestations of that Being in the Universe as an all-pervading principle or essence, whose working in matter we call Life.

The all-pervasiveness of this Life-power, which we think of as the Divine Immanence, gives substantial identity to the human and the divine—makes all one with God. This is our basic fact upon which Christianity is built up. It is the root-idea of an enlightened theology. It has been truly said that the essence of the Christian Revelation is the divinity of man and its counterpart the humanity of God.

Of God in His attributes and modes of manifestation which are *above* us, *i.e.*, beyond the range of our apprehensive powers while subject to the limitations of the flesh, we can know nothing. In his transcendence God must, in the nature of things, be incomprehensible. But in His immanence He is to that extent knowable. His manifestations in forms reveal somewhat of His nature and character. Since His life is the one all-energising Life, He is all, and every form—everything that has life—reveals Him in some degree. It is, in its degree, a reflection of the source whence it came. If we find in the creature intelligence, will, purpose, wisdom, and love, we know that all these must pertain to the Creator. They are manifestations of the immanent God, expressions of His indwelling life. God the creator cannot be less than His

creature. The qualities possessed by man must be in Him in an infinitely greater degree. Here, then, we have the means of learning something of the nature of God. He is in perfection what man is in imperfection.

Now seeing that God expresses Himself in an infinity of forms, at different stages of development, such expression of Himself is seen in varying measure according to the point in its evolution reached by the form. The more advanced the form, the more fully is it a revelation of God. Embodied humanity exhibits all stages of development yet reached in that form. It is, then, to the most advanced in spiritual unfoldment that we must look for the highest and purest manifestation of the God-nature. Such are the great teachers of the past, founders and reformers of the great religions.

The fullest manifestation of God in human form known to us—the most perfect representative the world of mankind has yet seen of God, the Son, *i.e.*, God-ensouled humanity—was Jesus of Nazareth. What He, the anointed One—anointed at his baptism with the Holy Spirit, according to the saying of the Apostle Peter—was, God is at least that.

In the clearer light which progress in the unfolding of the human mind throws on the origins of the Christian religion, Jesus, last and greatest of the Hebrew prophets, is seen to be a man of advanced spiritual growth and of supernormal mediumistic powers, prepared to be the instrument of a High and Holy One, a manifestation of the Supreme whom we have named the "Christ," under whose overshadowing influence and direct control He taught with divine authority. His mission was to reveal God to man, and to show forth man's relationship to the source of being.

Hence it was truly said that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, *i.e.*, leading man to a knowledge of his high origin and destiny. St. Peter describes Jesus as "the image" (*i.e.*, the visible manifestation) "of the invisible God."

Do Spiritualists Believe in God?

By OTTO VON BOURG.

IN the midst of all the controversy now going on in regard to Spiritualism and its phenomena we are hearing once more the absurd accusation that Spiritualism is not a religion, and that Spiritualists do not believe in God! How deplorable is such a statement! What ignorance does it express! For they who make it know nothing whatever of Spiritualism and its teaching.

We Spiritualists most certainly believe in God. Did we not celebrate the glorious Easter morning, with all that it means to those who love Him? True, in our celebration we differ a little from the orthodox churches in that it is not the resurrection of Christ's flesh that we recognise, but the manifestation of the spiritual body (1 Cor. 15, 44) and all His spiritual teaching and manifestation both before and after His death, as recorded in the New Testament.

The doctrine is emphasised nowadays that we walk by faith, not by sight. The modern church may do so, but the apostolic church did nothing of the kind. Nor do we Spiritualists. We walk in the light of the most striking objective evidence of things normally unseen, but external! When Saint Paul wished to prove his apostleship he appealed to sight! "Have I not seen Jesus, the Christ?" he asked (1 Cor. 9, 1). Faith is founded on fact. There can be no revealed religion without these spiritual phenomena, real and objective.

Jesus Himself certainly did not commit this error, as the modern church does, for He knew full well that the external and physical phenomena are *necessary* to prove that the spirit world is an objective reality—that there can be no revealed religion, or knowledge of a future life, or human survival, without the objective psychic phenomena and experiences. The Christ Himself demonstrated the external witness of apparitions, voices, visions, and various other physical phenomena to His Apostles and the members of the early church, and he told them to go

forth and do likewise! "Greater things than these shalt thou do!" he assured them, realising full well that each generation would demand this evidence for itself.

And just as this was necessary in the apostolic age, so is it necessary to-day. Spiritualism teaches this, and it is a teaching which brings out all the finer and higher qualities within man, produces a greater mental balance, a finer proportion of sense, tolerance, and, above all else, brings infinite joy and happiness into the life of each one who learns this truth.

In the light of all this the sane, sensible, intelligent man and woman cannot but realise that the Spiritualists of to-day are only teaching and following the religion which was handed down to them by the Nazarene, His Apostles, and the followers of the early church—that the psychic and spiritual phenomena of to-day are no other than those which were practiced by the Christ during the apostolic age. To reject any of them undermines and destroys the most precious manifestation of Truth given us by the Great Teacher.

So, in spite of all the objections which man may be able to put up, God disposes to progress and life eternal. Had the ministering angels and the residents of the spirit-world not been our companions throughout all the ages, had they not graced us with their divine communion and communications, this sublime belief would have been annihilated long ago! Thanks be to God, it lives to-day, greater, more majestic than ever before, and to it we shall be true and loyal until this, our earthly pilgrimage, is finished! For we know that the spirit-world holds all those whom we have loved and cherished here and who have gone on before us—in fact, all the children of men! What ineffable glory awaits us who believe!

This is Spiritualism. A religion? We claim that it is—the most satisfactory religion known to the human race! As to our belief in God—I have spoken. Let the world be the judge!—*The National Spiritualist* (U.S.A.).

My Door: A Lesson in Introspection.

By "HEATHER B.," AUTHOR OF "HEALING THOUGHTS."

MANY people seem to find concentration on concrete material objects difficult and unsatisfactory. This is felt more especially by those who desire above all else spiritual unfoldment. They say it seems to make material values dominate the mind, and gives too much reality and importance to matter—the perishable and the passing—thus shutting out all vision of the indestructible and spiritual. I find it has helped many when, after showing my sympathy with their difficulty, and my understanding of these objections, I have explained how I personally overcame this and made it both interesting and delightful as well as very beneficial in many directions.

Concentration on the concrete and visible is undoubtedly useful as mental training, particularly in curing the bad habit of letting the mind wander aimlessly, and so scattering and wasting the thought-force instead of focusing and then controlling it. Still, concentrated thought if *entirely* confined to the material, does not help in the development of the spiritual faculties.

To focus the mind, and to keep it quietly on to one line of thought, I take an object and look attentively first at its outward appearance, see it so clearly that it becomes photographed on the mind. Then I proceed to look deeper, and try to discover its origin and the extent of its reality. Finally I ask for its message. Discussing this subject it was suggested to me that as an example I should take an ordinary and seemingly uninteresting object like a door—the door of my room for instance—and see if I could find any message in that. So I did this, and recorded the sequence of my impressions. Thinking the example may be of assistance to someone else I offer my readers some

THOUGHTS ON MY DOOR.

There is only one door to my room; it is of fair size, painted a creamy white, and polished. There are two upright panels on the lower half and two lateral panels on the upper; between these there is a small flat brass rail fixed, and on that are three brass hooks, a brass door handle, and a keyhole with a key in it. The jambs of the door stand out about two inches from the wall and are bevelled. The door opens inwards. The privilege of being able to close this door means a great deal to me. This reminds me that by my constant use of this room for thought, aspiration, and communion with the higher world of spirit, there has been built up within it a very beautiful atmosphere. In this room when the door is closed peace reigns, and something more than peace. Am I wandering from the subject, "My door"? Is this a failure in concentration, or is it that, deep within, is the ever-growing longing for a profounder understanding of all things? So that when I start concentration on some given material point, that point develops into a symbol, and leads me on from the outward and visible to the inward and spiritual?

I recall my mind to the door. It is a symbol of the power to shut out untoward thoughts, so I bar out the thoughts I do not want. I am now in conscious contact, in living touch, with the Spirit of all things. Spirit is free, it knows no barriers. The power of the Spirit cannot be shut out by any doors.

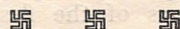
The door has already grown in importance; it is no longer an uninteresting material object; it represents a great thing—the entrance to my sanctuary. I come into this haven of peace and close the door, and I am alone with many hallowed things around me, which whisper suggestions of strength and encouragement, and that wonderful spiritual understanding and harmony of soul that no words can portray. Loving thoughts endow these things with special worth.

But again I am wandering from the door, which is my point of concentration, the door which admits me to peaceful contact with my silent friends—my books, pictures, and simple gifts; among these there is always to be found some heather!

Now, the door is closed, but I have not shut out my best friends—my invisible helpers. On the contrary, my awareness of their presence and their ministry here has opened an unseen door to them, so that we may commune together in the silence and peace herein. The over-active physical brain is stilled, anxious thoughts are quelled, the too eager heart is calmed. A great peace descends, not as a negative but as a positive

quickening-power. The vibrations increase, the density of encompassing matter seems to grow thinner, I am bathed in a glorious light. The true and the real is coming up from the depths of consciousness. Door and walls have vanished, I am in an added dimension in space, boundless it seems, like an immense temple. A voice is speaking in the silence—

"The power of love is limitless, it has brought you into conscious contact, into living touch, with us; it bids us, your many Guides and Helpers, welcome, and we come gladly to this consecrated spot. It is a place of rest, a healing love-centre, whence nought but good can flow. We dedicate it anew to the Great Father-Mother's work, in the comforting and healing and upliftment of the children of earth. The measureless love-wave can spread in every direction; as it flows out it reaches the sad and the sick and the troubled on your earth-plane. They who come into this sanctuary find strength and upliftment. Love welcomes all, but only a very few, just those only who are attuned to the higher vibrations, can enter into the radiance of this inner chamber within your room, this temple or holy place that you and we have builded. Now, strengthened and renewed, return into the world-consciousness, and still linked with us carry on with confidence the work for which you are an ambassador."



IN THE COOL OF THE DAY.

By E. P. PRENTICE

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contented that God is not—
Not God in gardens when the eve is cool;
Nay, but I have a sign,
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

IN the cool of the day there steals to my awakened senses the delicate perfume of sleeping mignonette, and the clear entrancing note of the nightingale, as a tiny stream, tired of the day's gurgling, dreams softly in the twilight shadows and hazy glamour of a rising moon.

All day, the musical chime of bluebells and the sway of lush grasses has enchanted me, while flowering clover and calceolarias wooed the wandering bee to a prodigality of sweetness. In the gloaming the pathos of dead roses lies upon my spirit, until I realise that all beauty and goodness have their counterpart—a bliss inconceivable and eternal.

Just now, I am doubly conscious of the presence of God in the garden of my soul; the hush and sublimity of evening bring Him "nearer to me than hands and feet." I bathe in the mystic radiance of the light that circles round His throne. He is the one great abiding reality permeating creation, whispering in the "still, small voice" of a wonderful revelation that awaits us when we have "shuffled off this mortal coil" and spirit emancipated rejoices on "the wings of the morning."

Some souls are oblivious of the day's cool, the world lures them to its spacious bosom, to sensual ease, and golden calf-worship; they stifle the stirrings that would lead them to an eternal peace. The burden and heat of the day's oppression and the cool calm of a spiritual rest evades them. There is one tender persuasive voice that bridges the gulf of materialism, calling softly amid the shadows; let us welcome it gladly, crying with unfaltering faith: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

To eager responsive souls the hush and cool of the day are synonymous. Life's fitful fever subsides for awhile as the soul communes with its God, and contacts the unruffled centre of a heart that breathes out "Peace, perfect peace."

"We may if we will, in this quiet hour,
Muse on joys that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams.
And stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air."

Psychic Happenings in Saxon Times: From Bede's Records.—Part V.

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

THE STRANGE VISITANT TO PRINCE EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA.

IT was early in the seventh century, about A.D. 616, in the days before Oswald and Oswy, when Northumbria and its royalties were still heathen and unconverted. Young Prince Edwin, having quarrelled with his elder brother Ethelfrid, the king, had to flee from his country to escape vindictive wrath. He became, like Bruce, a fugitive for many years in exile, hiding in divers places and kingdoms, and at last found what promised to be a safe asylum in the court of Redwald, King of East Anglia, who promised on his honour to protect and help him. When his brother Ethelfrid heard of this, he sent envoys to bribe Redwald, with a great sum of money, to murder him, but without effect. He sent a second and a third time, offering a greater bribe each time and finally threatened to make war on him if he continued to harbour the fugitive. This threat moved the King of East Anglia to promise to get Edwin removed out of the way or else he would be delivered up to the king's messengers.

Prince Edwin that night had retired to his chamber to seek rest when a faithful friend of his, in Redwald's suite, who had heard the transaction at Court that day, knocked at his door and called to him in a low tone that he had prepared a secret escape for him out of the province, if he was willing to consent to flee. The Prince replied, "I thank you for your goodwill, but I cannot do what you propose. The king has given me his word of honour. It would be base in me to show him that I distrust it. If he be treacherous, or be forced for his subjects' sake to break his promise, it is better I should die at his hands than at my brother's."

His friend went away. Edwin left alone went out into the garden and sat in the cool night pondering over his fate with heavy heart, not knowing what to do or which way to turn. He had remained a long time in silent anguish, consumed by his burning anxiety, when he saw approaching him a person whose face and habit were strange to him. It startled him to find this stranger seeking admittance to his presence, coming up and saluting him, and asking him why he was sitting there in solitude on a stone seat when all others were taking their rest and fast asleep? Edwin asked him what concern was it to him whether he spent the night indoors or out of doors? The stranger answered him tenderly, "I know the cause of your grief, your watching, and your solitude out here. I am aware of the evils you fear will soon fall upon you. Tell me what reward will you give the man who would deliver you out of these troubles by persuading Redwald not to break his word or harm you?" Edwin replied for such a boon he would give everything in his power.

The other then further inquired, "And what if he should also assure you that some day your enemies will be destroyed, and you will become King of Northumbria, surpassing in power all your ancestors, and all who have ever reigned as monarchs in the English nation?" "Everything he might honourably ask," replied Edwin. "If his predictions came true, and he came to you on your throne, and counselled you to change your course of life for the profit and salvation of your soul, will you consent to his directions and follow his guidance?" "I promise," said Edwin. On receipt of this answer the visitor laid his right hand on Edwin's head and said, "Whenever this shall be given you for a sign remember our talk to-night, and your word of honour, and do not delay the performance of what you now have promised." Having uttered these words he immediately vanished. Edwin then perceived it was not a mortal but a spirit that had appeared to him.

The dawn was breaking. The prince was still sitting in the garden, but now with glad heart and comforted, pondering on his strange vision, when once again his faithful friend, the courtier, came to visit him, greeting him this time joyfully. "Go in to rest," said he; "put away all anxiety; the king's resolve has altered in the

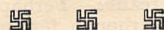
night. When he retired for the night and made the queen privy to his reluctant intention, she dissuaded him from committing such an unworthy meanness, either through fear for his people or for love of money. So the king recalled his bond and ordered Ethelfrid's messengers away. He has even determined himself to call out his army and fight, as your champion, to restore you."

This Redwald did. The armies of Northumbria and East Anglia clashed on the east bank of the Idle, on the borders of Mercia. Redwald's attack was an utter surprise. Ethelfrid expecting to cower him had not time to muster his full forces; he and his son were routed and both slain, and Edwin as the next heir succeeded to the throne of his country.

Years had gone by. Augustine's successor, Paulinus, was vainly trying to gain converts to Christianity in the Northumbrian court, as he had already succeeded in winning them in Kent and East Anglia. But King Edwin was remaining indifferent, and proudly obstinate for the faith of his forefathers. One night Paulinus was in his cell pondering how to proceed against Edwin's pride, when a vision was shown him in spirit, by the same visitor as had appeared to Edwin on the night of his critical anxiety. The whole scene was shown again; the words exchanged were repeated, along with Edwin's vow and the sign for the claim of its fulfilment. Paulinus was ordered to ask the next day for an audience, to remind Edwin of the vision, giving its details, and then to lay his right hand on the king's head in blessing, asking him whether he remembered the import of that sign. He did so. Edwin trembled, and was ready to fall at his feet, but Paulinus raised him up and said tenderly and lovingly, "By God's gift it was that you escaped your enemies and obtained this kingdom. He bids you therefore accept a faith in Him and in His providence, and to be converted from your disobedience."

Edwin immediately called a conference of his chief friends and counsellors. They were all strangely moved from their usual attitude of thought. Even Coifi, the heathen high priest, admitted that compared with the Christian faith in a providential Father of All the faith they had hitherto professed had no virtue in it, nor profit. The king's prime chieftain in turn was called upon for an opinion. He made this speech: "The life of man on earth, O king, in comparison with the time in the far unknown ahead of us, seems to me like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the hall, wherein you sit at supper in winter with your earldormen and your thanes, while the fire blazes in the midst, and the wintry storms of rain or snow are raging outside. In at one door and immediately out at another flits the sparrow. Whilst he is within he is safe from the wintry blast, but in a flash he is gone from sight and finds himself in the cold abroad, passing from winter into winter again. If therefore this new doctrine tells us of some fate more cheerful to come, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." So they agreed then and there to ban their rites, burn their altars, and one and all there present to be baptised by Paulinus into the Christian faith.

Edwin's rule prospered. East Anglia and Kent joined with him. He married the King of Kent's daughter, became overlord of England, and champion of the Christianity taught by Paulinus, and received the blessing of Pope Honorius. But then his faith was tried after seventeen years of glorious reign. Caedwalla, King of the Britons in Wales, rebelled against his overlordship, and supported by the vigorous rough champion of Saxon heathendom, Penda of Mercia, defeated by superior forces King Edwin at Hatfield Chase near Doncaster, slew him, dispersed his army, overran his territory, and slaughtered the Christian courtiers. Paulinus fled with the queen to Kent. Edwin's younger brother, with his children, Oswald, Oswy, and Oswin, fled to the Irish Celtic Retreat in Iona. But time brings its revenge. Northumbria again regained its independence. The three princes were recalled. Oswald restored Christianity, but in the Celtic form, not the Latin. Oswy regained the overlordship for Northumbria and, as we have seen, just before his death he reconstituted the Latin form of Paulinus. The spirit-world had evidently worked for this end.



"THE FIRST LESSON."—"So this is the end of all!" said an agnostic as they laid the body of his wife away. But a Christian friend standing by said, "No, my friend, not the end: the beginning; a more appropriate saying for this moment would be, 'Here endeth the first lesson!'"

69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

The Independent Monthly Organ of

significance of appointments:

as idle superstitions ;

proceeding to suggest their general significance:—

Lieutenant Wynyard's brother had died at that very

the War Office had made a mistake in the date.

lucky guesses: they were unimpeachable, visible personal intimations from "dead" relatives that

apparition: it is only a shadow, substance, as empty of objective reality as the reflection phantom, as empty of objective reality as the reflection

lay down, voluntarily gave up for the moment their hold on their physical bodies and material surroundings

re-entered their physical bodies, and continued the

often than any of us realise. Perhaps we all travel when

not aware they would be in a cab at that particular time

(Continued at foot of next page.)

For all time there has been an attitude of hopeless

The Resurrection of Jesus in the Light of Psychic Science

BY THE REV. WILLIAM A. REID, M.A.

III.—DID JESUS ENTER HIS MATERIAL BODY?

IT is certain that His own intimate disciples did not at first recognise their Risen Master; and yet the recorded appearances all took place within forty days of His death on the cross. It was said of the two men who met Him on the way to Emmaus that "He appeared unto them in another form" (Luke 24, 13f; Mark 16, 12f). It was only "in the breaking of bread" that they recognised Him. Thomas stood and gazed at Him in doubt, and was only convinced when he thrust his hand unto the wounds in His hands and side. Mary Magdalene thought He was the gardener. He appeared and disappeared; He entered a room, "the doors being closed," and suddenly vanished from the hospitable table of the two men of Emmaus. At the Ascension He was lifted up from the earth; and "a cloud received Him out of their sight." Yet, as if to puzzle and bewilder us, He had asked for food and ate it when He received it. We are forced to the conclusion that He never entered His physical body after "He gave up the ghost" on the cross. He "was in another form." Yet He was recognised ultimately; for though He was obviously different, He was in essentials the same. Let us see how He made Himself known, and how His methods tally with present-day Spiritualistic claims:—

1.—HE WAS RECOGNISED BY HIS VOICE.

Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils, and who had every reason to remember Him with vivid gratitude, thought He was the gardener, and did not recognise Him until He uttered her name, "Mary." Then she said in rapture, "Rabboni." Many of us have had the pleasure, particularly at trumpet seances, of definitely recognising the voices of communicating intelligences. This I can vouch for, as heard through a trumpet and in the dark; but others give us their word that they have recognised the voice of a materialised form, which would be the psychic parallel for this incident of Mary's.

2.—HE WAS RECOGNISED FROM HIS PECULIAR MANNERISMS.

The two men at Emmaus did not recognise Him from His outward appearance, nor from His voice; but they told "how He had been recognised by them in the breaking of bread" (Luke 24, 35). We know how "spirits" strive to make themselves known by characteristic gestures, movements of the eyebrows, consumptive cough, twirling of the moustache. It is often such little things which turn the scale, and make the person say, "That's John —."

3.—HE WAS RECOGNISED BY HIS DISPLAY OF POWER.

At the incident known as The Miraculous Draught of Fishes (John 21), the disciples did not know their Lord. They did not recognise His voice when He said, "Children, have ye any meat?" It was only after they had obtained by His direction the great catch of fishes that they knew Him. "On that account (therefore) that disciple whom Jesus loved said unto Peter, It is the Lord." It was entirely by the display of power in striking him blind that Paul recognised "Jesus Whom he was persecuting," for he had never seen Him in the flesh. Jesus had said that "all power in heaven and in earth was given Him" after His Resurrection. His body died, as Peter said, but His "spirit was quickened." The fulfilment of this prophecy and the continuance of His known power, proved to His followers that they were indeed speaking to their Master.

4.—HE WAS RECOGNISED BECAUSE HE PROVED THAT HE WAS NOT A MERE "GHOST."

To show that he was not a mere filmy, unreal, airy "ghost," He twice asked for food, and ate on one occasion a "piece of broiled fish and a piece of honeycomb," and on another occasion He probably ate a piece of roast fish. He partook of a meal with the two Emmaus disciples. On these occasions He was evidently in a materialised form. This point has already been discussed by me in

I.P.G. for March, 1926, and we can honestly say there is evidence that materialised spirits do still eat food for the purposes of identification, and particularly to show their reality.

5.—HE WAS RECOGNISED BY THE MARKS ON HIS HANDS AND SIDE.

The eleven apostles seem to have been satisfied that they had seen their risen Lord, all but Thomas. Suddenly Jesus appears in the Upper Room, no doubt when they are disputing about the matter. Thomas looks at Him. He is real enough, but not quite the same Jesus—not quite. Only when Jesus told him to examine and "handle" the wounds in His hands and side was Thomas convinced. This incident shows clearly that He was not in His material body, but that the marks were on His spiritual body. He had carried with Him the results of His earth struggle. Hence I believe that this spiritual body is what John calls *God's Book of Remembrance*. Hypocrisy out of the body will therefore be quite futile. Hence in psychic revelation we do find that, at least for a period, the marks of the earth-conflict remain, or can be assumed for purposes of identification. We have no good reason for supposing that Jesus has these marks on His body still. It was on the occasion referred to a splendid method of proving His identity.

I do not desire to be too technical; but I offer for consideration proof that He was in a materialised form from the use of three Greek words, which are employed when His friends wished to take hold of Him. He told Mary at the Tomb, "Touch Me not," which means "Don't snatch at Me" (*haptomai*). He invited the eleven to "handle Me," *i.e.*, touch me gently (*pselaphao*). Again He met the women and "they held Him by the feet," *i.e.*, held Him firmly by the feet (*ekratesan*). In the last case He was fully materialised, His spiritual body being clothed with the tough form of ectoplasm, often called pachyplasm; while in the other instances He was less fully materialised. Another reason for His not being easily recognised was that it was His spiritual inner body which was made visible. This was a manifestation of His finer self.

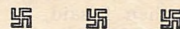
I must apologise for giving these arguments in such a brief telegraphic way; but I trust you will see my point. We see that Jesus, though in His spiritual body, was really Himself in all essentials, even to His voice and to what are called "senses" of hearing, taste, and such-like. His mannerisms and peculiarities were the same. He was their teacher as of yore. He knew and understood them; "upbraided them for their unbelief"; encouraged them; told them what He wished them to do. "He showed them His hands and His side." He displayed His enhanced power. *All through this He is telling His disciples—"I have cast off my earthly body; but I am the same Lord Jesus. Though My earthly body is dead, I am I; I am alive for evermore."*

SIGNIFICANCE OF APPARITIONS.

(Concluded from previous page.)

agnosticism as to what the soul is in itself. The subtle minds of the great philosophers of Greece, Germany, France, and Great Britain never seem even to have guessed what is waking up to recognition in the minds of present-day investigators—namely, that the soul of man is really a *complex living organism*, with a form corresponding to that of the physical body, though finer and more enduring, that its organs and faculties are as varied as and vastly more far-reaching than those of the physical body; and that these are becoming amenable to scientific investigation as objective facts. In future articles we shall consider some of the wonderful faculties of this psychical or spiritual body. Its sight, hearing, sensing, will then be seen to be no mere second powers of our physical eyes, ears, and fingers, for clairvoyance, clair-audience, and clairsentience are most readily exercised when all our physical senses are in absolute abeyance. And the question we leave with our thinking readers in the meantime is—If this be not the soul or spirit of man, what is?

J. L.



MRS. DUDLEY LE MAY, in her home near Tonbridge, dreamt recently that there were burglars in the house. She awoke, on hearing her child crying, and thought she heard sounds in the house but associated them with her dream and went to sleep again. Next morning she found the whole ground floor had been ransacked, and every portable article of value, including her wedding presents, had been carried away.

A Dream of Long Ago.

By A. S. WORMALL.

IN looking over an old manuscript book I came across the following account of a dream written down by my great-grandfather in 1796. It was the experience of one, Esther Moxham, in the year 1762:—

"I dreamt I was dead, and on looking at my body it looked like a corpse. Then I saw a man whose raiment was the colour of bright fawn. He told me to follow him. We ascended a hill and at the top was a large building, made of huge rough-hewn stones, giving an appearance of strength.

"We entered the house, with which my Guide seemed to be quite familiar. The full beauty of it only grew on me as we advanced, till at last it seemed to me most glorious and holy. A large hall was crowded with spirit people, who seemed to be joyously happy. As we advanced farther into the building, these people seemed to become brighter and brighter, till at last they had a sunlike brightness that was dazzling. It was stronger than the brightest sunshine in earth-life on a summer's day; even their garments, which were plain long robes, glistened. I could not distinguish between the men and the women, neither did I recognise any of them.

"When I first entered the hall I thought it was a meeting of 'solid Friends.' I tried to ascertain the source of the light, for there were no windows. Turning to my Guide I asked him about it, and also about where we were, and he said it was heaven! Well, truly, the conditions were very heavenly. The longer we remained with these angelic beings the more heavenly they became to me.

"When my Guide said to me, 'We must leave now,' I was so absorbed in the wonder of it all that I was unwilling to leave. He walked on; then noting that I did not follow he beckoned me to hasten. He waited a little for me and then said 'Come!' But I still halted and again he said 'Come,' and added, 'I have something more to show thee.'

"When we left this wonderful place my Guide turned to the left-hand and we seemed to go down hill. I could not see the road, but was able to follow my Guide because of the brightness of his raiment. Soon we came to a grand arch of great width, and passing through we came to another large hall. It was beautifully painted within, and had a most artistic wainscot. At first the beauty of this hall seemed to compensate me for having left the former one. Just as I had realised our new surroundings a crowd of people came towards us, but, without appearing to see us, they passed on. They were very richly dressed, and I thought at first how happy they seemed, for they were talking with great animation. But as I looked carefully at their faces there was an expression of mental and spiritual darkness, expressive of their real condition. Some of them did not talk loudly like the others, but continually muttered to themselves.

"I was greatly shocked at this sight, and asked my Guide what this place was and who were these people? He said, 'These unfortunate souls will be miserable for ever, on account of their tumults and wranglings when in earth-life. In the distance I saw a handsome-looking gentlewoman, richly attired, sitting in a bath-chair lined with crimson velvet. Thinking, from her appearance she must be happy I went towards her, and had the greatest shock I had yet received for, out of her eyes appeared to issue flames of fire! Her lips moved continuously without making any sound.

"Looking in another direction I saw a woman Friend (Quaker) whom I had known in earth-life and had greatly admired for the 'solidity of her behaviour,' particularly in meeting. I went up to her with a feeling of joy, but was grieved to see how sorrowful she looked. I said, 'Art thou also amongst the miserable? Do tell me! Tell me, whatever it was that brought thee here?' She paused for a moment, then weeping bitterly said, 'For no wrong that I ever did to any human being, but for unfaithfulness and disobedience to God.' I wept in sympathy with her, then turning to my Guide I said, 'Let me leave this place.'

"We walked slowly on, meeting many more of these unhappy creatures, then I said, in great bitterness of spirit, 'Tell me, am I to remain here for ever? I used to think that when I died I had secured an inheritance in Heaven.' My Guide stood still, and looking steadfastly at me said, 'Thou art not to remain here, but will return to earth-life again, and if thou art faithful to God thou mayest truly attain to the heavenly state; but I have still something more to show thee.'

"We went on a short distance and we came to another great arch through which we passed to what seemed

like a chapel, or it may have been a church. It was crowded with worshippers saying, 'Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!' They were quieter in their dress than the others I had seen. I said to my Guide, 'Surely these are not also miserable?' He replied, 'These also are miserable, for they thought to be saved by a mere profession of religion, and failed to attain to the white robe of righteousness and spirituality.'

"My distress was now greater than ever, for I knew some of them, and they appeared to recognise me. Although they were supposed to be at worship, they looked about them as if at any ordinary assembly. I again entreated my Guide to let me leave this place. He walked gently out and I followed. Outside the gate were a number of people apparelled in dark or black garments. They were standing about as if uncertain what to do or where to go. Presently I saw an intimate friend for whom I had a great affection. Someone was dragging him towards the gate. He looked sorrowfully at me, and I said to him, 'Art thou too going amongst the miseries?' (He was at that time living on earth but very ill). I asked him what his sin was, for I had always thought of him as being very honourable and good. He replied, 'Beware of covetousness. It is the love of money that has brought me here.' I saw how troubled he was, and we wept in sympathy.

"But I was anxious to be gone, so following my Guide we entered a large enclosed field, out of which I could not see a way, but the Guide led me to a place where there was just room for me to crawl out. He then stood still and looking earnestly at me said, 'Thou art now to return to earth-life, but remember what thou hast seen, and do not forget that it is not enough to be honest and faithful with thy fellow creatures, important as that is, but that thou must also be faithful to God.'

"The thought of returning to the world again affected me deeply. I had seen many who were gloriously good and beautiful, and many who were sad as the result of sin. Amongst the latter was a woman whom I well knew and her daughter. They had sold lace, and when I asked them the cause of their present state, they said it was for not keeping to the truth in their business; they had in fact been dishonest. I also met two elderly women whom I knew well many years ago, and had noted their constant attendance at the National Church on prayer days, as well as on first days (Sundays). I was very surprised to see them, for I should have thought they were as likely to get to heaven as any Friends were. I also saw many who were still living, but who soon after died.

"Great doubt now came to me as to whether I should be able to steer my course so as to be admitted amongst those who had attained salvation. I sat down feeling speechless and sad. Suddenly, however, faith arose in my mind and words came to me. I felt like singing, 'Lord, thou canst preserve me through all'—so joyous was I. Then I awoke, but it was some time ere my deeply-stirred mind became calm."



SANCTUARY.

Sometimes when weariness and deep unrest
O'ercome me, and the prison walls of life
With cruel fingers shut me in, my breast
Contains a wild, caged bird; I feel the strife
Of tired wings, its longing to be free.

'Tis then with footsteps soft I seek a room,
Quiet and filled with sunshine and bright flowers;
They nod and smile, dispelling pain and gloom;
Peace, perfect peace dwells there, and I retire
Deep in the inmost chamber of my soul,
And find sweet rest, and calm beyond desire.

My heart is eased, the beating wings are still,
A soft hush broods o'er all, I seek the world
Again, refreshed and once more strong, my will
My own; no more the walls of flesh can hem me in,
My soul is freed from bondage, leaps, vaults out,
To touch and mingle with the Infinite.

JESSIE FREEMAN.

Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

BY THE HAND OF WILL CARLOS.

THE HAUNT OF THE LEPER.

LEAVING the town—now the City of Endeavour—I trod the road through the valley, scanning the scene in vain for a sign of abode. I came at length upon a lake all still, tucked away in a hollow, at the foot of a swelling hill. It was fed by a torrent which, leaping from a cleft, came dancing down the hillside. I wended my way along the shore, and was at length rewarded by beholding close to the lake a dwelling strangely contrived. It was built under a cliff from which a shelf of rock jutted out. The builder used the shelf as the roof of his hovel, and had built up rough walls to frame it in, leaving a mere slit for a doorway. From this doorway I saw a man emerge who, catching sight of me, at once withdrew. I hailed the man, chid him for being a churl, still remembering that many an uncouth oyster hides a pearl. I clamoured till at last he cried aloud, "We are unclean; depart, depart, lest thou like us be doomed."

"Why art thou deemed unclean?" I asked.

"We are all tainted with leprosy," he replied. "Did'st thou not see the sign which I affixed to my abode to warn off strangers?" I had not perceived the sign, and even had I seen it I would still have ventured, and I told him so. "Art thou aware," quoth I, "that thou hast left thy mortal flesh behind thee? Bereft of earthly form how can its ills affect thee now?" He stood silent. I proceeded, "What now ails thee is that thou dost *imagine* thyself in a leprous state. Thy mind is still contaminated with the sense of contagion; it hath blinded thee and made thee jailer of thyself. Thou art no more a leper than am I, and if thou wilt come out I will prove what I say."

The man emerged; his age was about mine own; filled with doubt, to hesitation prone, he advanced to where I stood smilingly awaiting him. I bared my arm. "Look on my flesh," I said, "is that diseased?" He shook his head. "Touch it," I cried, "press it, squeeze it, I have no fear." His face blanched as he pressed his fingers into my flesh, fearing that his touch would defile.

"Now," said I, "bare thine own arm, compare it with mine, and see if there be left a trace of disease upon thee." He did as I bade him, and was amazed to find that his leprosy was gone, leaving no trace of its ravages. His face so grave, took on amazement, then expressed joy, until hope and faith shone once more in his eyes.

"What shall I do," he cried; "am I to leave the others here?"

"What dost thou mean," I asked, "are there others in this foul nest of illusion?"

He pointed across the lake. "Seest thou the island yonder that rideth the lake so greenly?"

"Aye, I can see."

"In that isle are two score such as me, or rather as I was."

"Let us hasten to them," said I. "Is there a boat to take us to the shore?"

"Aye, that there is; it was my task to take all leprous newcomers to the isle."

"Haste then; get out thy boat, and we will go to bear them the good news and set them free."

He hesitated. "Would it not be rash to risk infection again?"

"I would not take thee aback," said I, "but being healed thyself would'st thou deny to others the blessing?"

"Canst thou then heal them all?"

"Nay, 'tis beyond my power to heal, but I can show them, as I did thee, that ye all have outlived the maladies of earth. Ye are all born again, free of taint, and once rid of the idea that ye are leprous, ye are free. Come, doubt no longer, let us depart!"

At last he grasped my purpose; he knew the truth. Quickly he got his boat, and launched it.

He worked with will to bring us to the isle, And beached the boat in expert sailor style, And, barely giving time for me to land, Set off to cheer the hapless leper band. When I arrived, the ghastly crowd agape Came out to see what manner, or what shape

Of man was he who wrought this wondrous cure. (They thought 'twas He who in the past obscure, Had healed the lepers of the Holy Land.)

I bade them all to close around me stand, To show I feared not taint, and then I spoke, Pausing a moment, heaven's aid to invoke, I said, "While in the flesh ye lepers were, And of the fact your consciousness was 'ware; This deeply seared your minds, burnt in the fact, And this your present minds preserved intact. Thus when your bodies were at last laid down The consciousness of *that* had inly grown, And this ye carried with you to this stage, And if persisted in may last an age. The leprosy exists but in your thought; Come, cast it out; why suffer still for nought?"

I then bared my arm as I had done before, and made them one by one bare theirs and compare them with mine, and soon convinced them that they indeed were whole.

With joy-pervaded souls they leaped and danced, And thanked the gods that I had hither chanced.

I then revealed to them that the sense of age was much akin to the sense of leprosy and the sense of sin. I bade them see that they were young and free, and in the spring-time of eternity. I bade them draw nigh to the waters of the lake, and to view themselves in its mirror-like depths. They did so and beheld age and its ills fall off them as discarded garments; and I myself enjoyed a sense of re-emerging youth, and saw that I too was young again.

There dawned the consciousness of youth; The lake revealed to us the truth That all were young, and in perennial bloom, Though all had passed the portals of the tomb.

I then sang a hymn of praise, with which my harp rang out triumphant, and they all joined in the refrain. I told them that sin belonged to self, and that to be free they must cultivate love, and abandon all desire for sordid or sensuous gain, and strive to fit themselves for higher things. I told them of the valley pure and bright, the happy valley in the realms of bliss, which they should enter when they reached the height. I bade them throw off the burthens of their minds and souls, and give their lives to useful purpose. I suggested that they should bridge the lake, and clarify its waters of all weeds; that they should concentrate their efforts in the service of their fellow men. Then I dispatched a youth to the City of Endeavour, asking its inhabitants to open up communion with these people. This met with quick response from them in the coming of a company of helpers, who soon turned the leper colony into an abode of peace, concord and health. In parting with them I sang a song which I hope served them well.

SONG.

Let him who would be good, think good and do it,
Nor think nor do aught ill, or else he'll rue it.

The consciousness of good that's done
Is like the radiance of the sun,
Warming to life the little seeds
Which grow apace—become good deeds.

Let all men duty seek and bravely do it,
He that would win a soul must start to woo it;
Let him who would be blest strive to deserve it;
If conscious of good thought, let him preserve it.

The pleasure of an effort made will soon pervade;
Do not give up; try, try again,
For constant trying must attain;
It consolation gives if one begins it
And satisfaction great when once he wins it.

When I had done I asked them once more to dedicate their lives to the service of the Divine Spirit, and to repeat after me a solemn pledge to that effect:—

Henceforth, O God, we promise Thee to serve;
To live in conscious amity with Thee,
And by our merit prove that we deserve
To share eternal continuity;
We pray Thee mould us to Thy heavenly will,
That we our parts may loyally fulfil.

Then did I take my departure from the place, leaving them to spend their time emulating the example set them by the helpers from Endeavour.

(To be continued.)

Primordial Man : Remarkable Materialisations.

MRS. HEWAT MCKENZIE has an interesting article in a recent number of *Psychic Science* on "Materialised Animal Apparitions," dealing with certain unusual and extraordinary phenomena occurring with the famous medium, Franek Kluski of Warsaw, from which we reproduce the following :—

The "Primordial Man" showed itself first in July 1919; an outline of a mass of dishevelled hair was perceived, accompanied by a loud smacking sound. One of the sitters expressed very great interest in this manifestation, and it seemed to gain in strength and expression during a number of seances, and by August it could be clearly seen and described. Its shape appeared to be that of a large anthropoidal ape, covered with light brown hair, very abundant, occasionally of a grey hue, curling at the head and growing down almost to the eyebrows and up to the chin. This ape was of such great strength that it could easily move a heavy bookcase filled with books through the room, carry a sofa over the heads of the sitters, or lift the heaviest persons with their chairs into the air, to the height of a tall person.

Though the ape's behaviour sometimes caused fear, and indicated a low level of intelligence, it was never malignant. Indeed, it often expressed goodwill, gentleness, and readiness to obey; but its excessive zeal often produced tragi-comical situations at seances.

It seemed to consider that its duty lay in imitating the actions of other apparitions, actions which were often

the result of requests made by sitters. For instance, if a materialised human form handed a sitter a small object lying at a distance, then the ape would also seize at once with great zeal the first object handy, but always the largest it could find, and carry it as a gift to the same person. The result of this was that on one occasion the seance had to be interrupted to remove a large sofa from the knees of a sitter; and on another a heavy chest which had been placed in the middle of the circle. On a third occasion it tried violently to lift up two of the sitters successively with their chairs, unlinking the hands of the sitters, and bringing the medium back to consciousness.

Once an artist sitter was trying to draw one of the apparitions upon the background of a large shining screen, when the ape manifested unasked, near the human manifestation, and showed clearly its shaggy head and hairy paw adorned with an enormous thumb. When scolded it hid for some time under the table or seated itself at the feet of the sitters, softly scratching their legs. It often annoyed the sitters, including the medium, by licking their faces at inopportune moments. Its tongue was large and disagreeably moist, and many protests to call off the phenomenon ensued. After a long stay a strong animal smell was noticed.

It was seen for the last time at the seance of December 26, 1922, in the same form as in 1919, and making the same sounds of smacking and scratching. It was during 1922 that Mr. McKenzie and myself saw it; and I remember at that time Dr. Geley told me he had not had such good fortune, as it had only occasionally manifested.

Spiritual Visions and Voyages.

AN Irish gentleman called recently at the office of the *Sunday Express* and gave an account of his psychic experiences with such "transparent honesty" that he was asked to write them down for publication. Here are some extracts :—

"Before ever I saw the sea or entered a railway train I had travelled over all the visible world and, as far as I know now, penetrated very far into the invisible, or what is ordinarily understood as such. I cannot remember the time when I was not subject to trances, that looked very like sleep, in the course of which the spirit went out of my body and wandered through space, now leisurely, now with the speed of thought, and always in my young days through beautiful scenes.

"While my body was lying inert in a little cottage in the heart of Tipperary, the other part of me was looking down curiously on the red-tiled roofs of Spain, on the mosques of the East, on the woods and wilds of the remotest earth. I remember how, with more lightness than the swallow, I dropped to the earth, basked among exquisite flowers, and drank at cooling springs. If these excursions had any drawback it was because the fear that my spirit might never re-enter my body often came to me.

"In after years I travelled over a good part of the world, and recognised in actuality many of the scenes that long before I had seen in visions. [This is the kind of experience relied upon by many Reincarnations to prove that they must have lived there in previous lives!] But it was only after the death, three years ago, of someone very dear to me that I realised fully that I had the power of going among the dead, and of calling the dead to me.

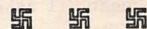
"On the night she died—I will call her Mary—I was sleeping in a country cottage in Yorkshire. There was no one else in the house. I was sound asleep this time when a vision came to me. In the trances of which I have spoken I am perfectly conscious. It is not subconsciousness, but full consciousness. I know where my body lies incapable of movement, and I can direct at will the flight of my spirit. But on this occasion I was as the ordinary dreamer. I thought I was sitting in an incredibly comfortable arm-chair, which was placed on the top of a carpet about three inches thick, and chair and carpet and myself were floating delightedly down a river, the beauty of which even Ruskin could not describe, and on each side of the river were the most delicious flowers and fruits.

"The sense of supreme rest, and if I may use the word, transcendent happiness, was such that it would be vain to try to convey any idea of it. Indeed, I cannot realise it myself as I write; no one with his ordinary workaday faculties could go within measurable distance of such realisation.

"On that night Mary died, though I did not know of her death until four days later. After her death, though

then in my fifty-eighth year, I joined the army. She came to me several times while I was sleeping in Salamanca barracks at Aldershot. Over and over again she came to me in France. One night in a cowshed at Doullens I felt myself dropping into trance and I thought I would ask Mary to come and play something to me. Scarcely had the request been formed in my mind when Mary appeared. She was nearly fifty when she died, but now she looked about twenty and radiantly beautiful and happy. She looked at me with a smile, as if asking me what to play. My first thought was something of Chopin's, but in a flash I decided on Liszt's 'Hungarian Rhapsody.' She played it as she never could have played it in life, as no mortal fingers ever could have played it. And all the time I was perfectly conscious of where I was. I knew I was lying in a cowshed at Doullens, with my right hand under my head, and my left hand by my side. But I had other hands, spirit hands, and these were movable at pleasure. As the last notes ceased I held out my right, and Mary took it in her hand. The next instant she was gone, there was a click in my ears, and I awoke to hear the big guns and the tanks rumbling away on the road to Arras.

"After that I got into the habit of calling Mary on almost every possible occasion and she responded readily."



OUR NEW VOLUME!

This number of the *International Psychic Gazette* starts its fourteenth volume. It is therefore a suitable time for an effort to extend its usefulness. At present some ten thousand persons in all parts of the world read month by month its instructive and inspiring pages. Thousands, nay millions, more still await the light, comfort, and assurance which Spiritualism alone gives, and which it has been the special mission of the *Gazette* to broadcast since two years before the War. We earnestly ask every reader to help us to reach more of that great multitude still dwelling in materialistic gloom and darkness. As we go to press an enthusiastic Spiritualist writes us:—"I continue recommending your *Gazette* and telling others what a blessing and help it has been to me in my work. I have found it, from its commencement, something a little bit different from other psychic papers, and there is something fresh to be learned in it every time; as a lady said to me yesterday, there is not a dry page in it from beginning to end." Free copies will be sent to your friends who are not yet readers if you will send us their names and addresses on a post card. Free trial parcels will also be sent, with an attractive poster, to secretaries of any Spiritualist Churches, Societies, and Circles not yet on our books, if they will kindly apply for them. If every reader will secure us even one more the *Gazette's* influence will be doubled and the cause it serves correspondingly advanced. By our readers' friendly fraternal co-operation great good with everlasting consequences may be accomplished!

J. L.

A Broadstairs Reader : "I feel I must write and tell you of the great comfort, pleasure, and interest I have derived from your wonderful *Gazette*. I owe you many thanks for the joy it has brought me."

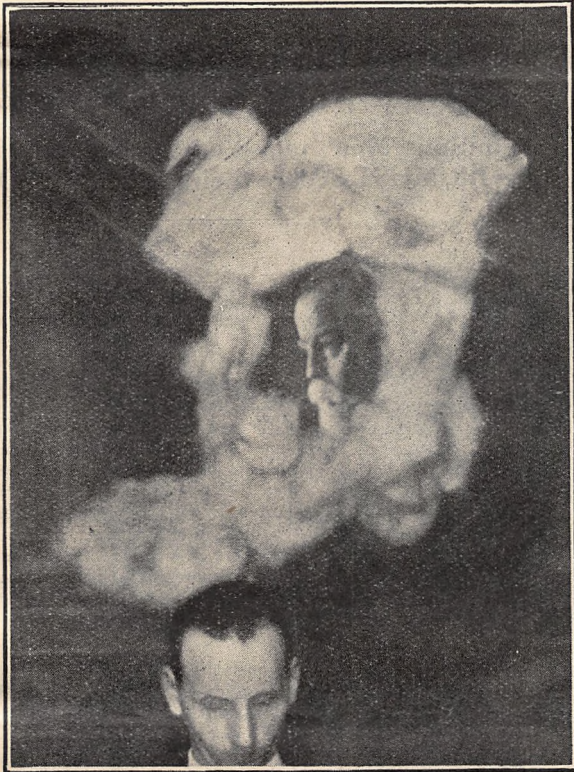
A Yorkshire Subscriber : "I would not be without the *Gazette* for double the money. It cheers me up wonderfully, and when I have read it I pass it on to others who are delighted with it."

Letters to the Editor.

ANOTHER FALCONER SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

10 Wyndham Road, Rothesay.

DEAR SIR,—Having read in your *Gazette* of the spirit-photographs obtained by the Messrs. Falconer, and being in Edinburgh for a holiday, I determined to secure, if possible, a spirit-photograph of my late husband. I went to Mrs. Falconer's meeting on Sunday evening, and arranged for a sitting. On the first occasion no "extras" appeared on the plates. I sat again the next day, and was delighted to obtain the desired photograph.



The likeness to my husband is quite unmistakable. I was a total stranger in Edinburgh, having neither friends nor acquaintances there. The only photograph of my husband in existence is a full-face one; as you see the spirit-photo is side face. The Messrs. Falconer did not know whose photograph I wanted until after the second sitting, and I myself watched the developing of the successful plate.

In closing I wish to say how much I enjoy the *Gazette* and look forward to it month by month.—Yours faithfully,

MARGARET McLUCKIE.

"DOUBLE REMEMBRANCES"

30 Nightingale Road,
Portsmouth.

SIR,—It seems to me that your remarks on "Double Remembrances" in your September issue are rather misleading where you are dealing with the accounts of past incarnations given in "Man: How, Whence and Whither," by Mrs. Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. These are not "remembrances," in the common acceptation of the word; they are not personal recollections. These accounts are represented as having been culled from the memory of Nature which, it is said, automatically and with unerring precision records on an inner plane or state of being (called in Theosophical literature, the Buddhic) everything that happens, much in the same way that a looking-glass reproduces everything that takes place in front of it. This memory of Nature, sometimes called the Akashic Records, has been likened to the pictures cast on the screen by a cinematograph, and can be perceived by those who can raise their consciousness to the requisite level.

It is said to exist, also, but confused at times with many (often misleading) human thought forms, on a lower (or more exterior) plane, in what is called the astral light, whence the psychometrist—still scoffed at by many—is also able, but generally in a more fugitive way, to capture from the object psychometrised, memories connected with it of events of which he may have had

no previous knowledge whatever—both past events, and also impending ones which have not yet taken shape on the *outermost*, the physical, plane.

It was in Nature's memory that the joint authors of the book, who worked together in order that each might check the observations of the other saw, they tell us, in a certain very remote period in Egypt, Hercules and others whom, later, Greek tradition regarded as demi-gods.

As a universal negative is, to say the least of it, uncommonly hard to prove, it seems rash to say that Hercules was "a mythical character who never existed." The most, I think, that we can safely say is that he is generally regarded as a mythical character. Troy, of the "Iliad," was latterly regarded by scholars as another Greek myth, till Schliemann unearthed its burnt ruins and spoiled the myth theory.

The names employed in the book are merely identity labels, and are not necessarily the names actually borne by any character in any given incarnation.—Yours faithfully,

J. A. EDWARD WREN.

[NOTE.—According to the book referred to, its joint authors (Mrs. Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater) claim that they lived in the City of the Bridge, and the Valley of the Second Sub-Race, about 40,000 B.C. Their names, they say, were then, for Mrs. Besant, Herakles (the Greek name of Hercules) and for Mr. Leadbeater, then a wife, Sirius. They had as their children in that incarnation:—

(1) Alcyone (now known as J. Krishnamurti, the new World Teacher), (2) Mizar (J. Nityanda), (3) Orion (whose present incarnation is not mentioned), (4) Achilles (ditto), (5) Uranus (now the Master D.K.), (6) Aldebaran (not here identified), (7) Siwa (T. Subba Rao), (8) Selene (C. Jinarajadasa), (9) Neptune (now the Master Hilarion), (10) Capricorn (not here identified), and some others unrecognised. The names of the spouses of these ten children are also given, as well as those of their children. For example, "Alcyone (Mr. Krishnamurti) married Perseus, and Vulcan, Bellatrix, Rigel, Algol, and Arcturus were their children." The authors say, "A certain number of members of the Theosophical Society have bravely allowed their names to appear in the above list, despite the ridicule it may bring on them. A large number of our friends are just now in Hindu bodies, but we cannot expose them to the mockery and persecution they would be likely to suffer if we named them, so we have not asked their permission." These statements, according to Mr. Wren, were not really "remembrances" in the minds of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, but were simply culled by them from "the Memory of Nature" by some occult process, in which they are adepts. This is said to be a process akin to psychometry, but it seems to dispense with all aid from any actual thing belonging to the age or the persons described, which is an essential in that art. If these unique readings from the "Memory of Nature" are trustworthy then, of course, Herakles and Sirius can be no longer regarded as mythological characters, for they are still very much alive, and the detailed list of their children and children's children of 42,000 years ago, thus recently received "automatically and with unerring precision" by Mrs. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater, may be regarded as one of the most amazing documents ever written by the hand of man! But, of course, the authors' mere *ipse dixit* carries no proof.

We have a further letter on this subject from Mr. Basil P. Howell, secretary of the Theosophical Society, who says "it is quite untrue to say that the authors claim to 'remember' their past lives." On the contrary, however, remembering past lives is a chief part of their doctrine in this book. Speaking of the four great types symbolised by the other-world Temples of the Devas, they say (page 399), "It must be remembered that all these people are immediate re-incarnations, and that most of them bring over at least some memory of all their past lives." Also (page 407), "It is the custom to carry a talisman over from life to life, which helps the child to recover the memory in the new vehicles . . . A boy of twelve usually has behind him in his physical brain the entire memory of what he knew in previous lives." "This charm," they say (page 413), "he always wears, so that it may be fully impregnated with his magnetism, and he is careful to make arrangements that it may be handed over to him in his next birth, in order to help in the arousing in the new body of the memory of past lives, so as to make it easier to keep unbroken the realisation of life as an ego." And the authors by no means claim to be exceptions to their own rule.—ED., I.P.G.]

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

DEATH AND THE LIFE BEYOND IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN THOUGHT AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By Frederick C. Spurr. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5/- net.

The chief contents of this work are a series of lectures delivered in Melbourne in 1913 on Death and the Life Beyond. They were published and went through two editions; now they have been revised and enlarged in the light of the author's deeper experience. He holds that the war profoundly altered men's interest in the soul and immortality, and gave the *coup de grace* to academic vapourings. "Rationalism found itself suddenly dumb in the presence of a great human awakening. It had nothing to say to wounded hearts. The question of the survival of the human spirit became the most acute of all questions." On July 14, 1923, Mr. Spurr lost his own son by a drowning accident. The loss was the greatest blow that ever smote him. The accident occurred 150 miles away, but he says, "At that very moment I became acutely conscious of the boy and turned round to touch him, so real was he. It was quite a shock to find he was not present. Not until hours later did I know that he had passed over at that time. What else could it be than that the boy's spirit, suddenly torn from its tabernacle of flesh, was seeking his father and trying to make him understand. Since that time we have had overwhelming evidence that the boy lives on the other side of the veil." The book is a reverent exposition of the truth about the After-life, which will be acceptable to all shades of religious people.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MEDIUMSHIP. By L. Margaret Bazett. London: Rider & Co. Price 3/6.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, in a foreword to this work says:—"Miss Bazett is a lady who, after many years of varied educational work, observed during the War that she had the psychometrising faculty strongly developed; so she allowed me and my friend, J. Arthur Hill, and probably a few others, to inform her of cases of distress in various parts of the world, and to send such objects as would put her sufficiently *en rapport* with the people concerned to enable her to get the required information. In that way, to take only one instance, a bereaved lady living in Australia was able to get news of members of her family killed in the War, with a mass of verified detail which proved the information to be genuine." Miss Bazett claims that mediumship has come to be recognised as a factor in human life to-day, and on its higher levels it is worth consideration whether a strong affinity exists between the mystic, the artist, and the medium, as to certain basic qualities. She has realised in her own experience of supernatural powers how one can perceive what is hidden from others. "An unmistakable atmosphere is created in which the sense of close touch with the departed is a real experience, and the pain of separation is temporarily, and even permanently, relieved." She concludes her instructive book with this question:—"May it be that to the mystic and the psychic is given the high privilege of leading into this world of reality those whose eyes are not yet able to behold it, but who would gladly walk therein by faith, until for them also shall dawn the day of open vision?"

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